

NOVEMBER-DECEMBER, 1942

THE LOG



The Journal
of the Toc H League of Women Helpers

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FOURPENCE

THE LOG

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No Day Without Light

*"As there is no day without light
So there is no real joy without Christmas."
—Serbian Proverb.*

ONCE upon a time, when we were all much younger and wiser than we are at present, we were on very good terms with Saint Nicholas. True, we only entertained him once a year, but that one visit loomed large in our lives. For weeks beforehand we thought about him and talked about him and wrote long letters to him. "Dear Santa Claus," was how we used to start off, not because we wanted to air our knowledge of foreign languages (we hadn't reached that stage) but because we thought that was the only name he had. Our correspondence was generally one-sided, but we knew he was busy, and the eventual outcome was almost always satisfactory. Sometimes it was obvious that others of our family circle had been in touch with him behind our backs—for instance, there was that year in which we asked for a bicycle and only got a scooter. But we bore him no grudge, and soon started to look forward eagerly to his next visit.

And then, what happened? Time got busy on us and we grew up. Some of us turned into Earnest People, always busy about Doing Useful Things. We hadn't time or inclination to keep up the old friendship.

Have you ever noticed how sometimes after a lapse of years a casual remark may vividly recall a long-forgotten friend, and then, immediately, you go straight out and run into that very person? It has happened many times to me, so perhaps it wasn't very surprising that I should meet St. Nicholas one day last week. Someone had been talking to me about a new window in a local Church, which had just been unveiled in defiance of bombs and gunfire. "It's in the children's chapel," they said, "so of course it shows St. Nicholas in the centre. On one side there are the three little boys who were murdered in a tub, just coming to life under the Saint's blessing. Opposite them are the three girls who couldn't get married because their father was too poor to give them dow-

ries. One girl has just grabbed her bag of gold, the second is just going to, and the third looks hopeful. And outside is the Saint getting ready to give the last bag a vigorous push through their window. That's the origin of the Santa Claus legend, you know."

That very afternoon I was in a library, and I certainly wasn't thinking about Santa Claus. I was trying to make some notes on the medieval university, and I was getting lost in a crowd of dull headings; *foundation of, work of, influence of*, and many more. Someone leaned over my shoulder and whispered, "Have you had this?" I nodded, but St. Nicholas, who was pretending to be the librarian, opened it at a certain page and pointed to a footnote which I had overlooked. It was an extract from a medieval manuscript, and this is what it said:—

"Certain clerks of Paris were playing dice and one who lost took a neighbour's cat that frequented the house and said, 'Let this fellow play with you who is for ever eating and never pays a penny.' And setting the dice in the four paws of the cat he made him throw and he lost. And they wrote about the cat's neck that he had lost at play a quart of wine, and must lose his pelt unless he paid, which his master perceiving, bound the money about his neck, asking that he be not again compelled to play, as he could not count his throw."

I looked up from the book to see the deep, bright eyes of the Saint fixed on mine, and in a flash, I recognised him. He carried no gifts, but around him, like an aura, was an atmosphere of good humour and graciousness. I had scarcely time to smile in recognition before I felt the flow of warm sunshine and tasted the rich flavour of red wine. I heard the laughter of scholars and poets as they recited and drank, and played their way across a free Europe. Men sang as they worked together, and great buildings

rose to symbolize their faith. Higher and sweeter and clearer rose one voice above the rest, a voice which could only belong to the 'Troubadour of God'—Francis of Assisi, chanting in praise of all creatures.

All this and much more I could see

and hear. For it is the peculiar enchantment of the Saints that they can make things real.

They may not always be good or busy people according to the world's estimate, but, having rid themselves of everything that is artificial and unreal, they have power to impart beauty and fresh vision to other men.

St. Nicholas smiled and nodded, and replaced Helen Waddell's *Wandering Scholars* on the shelf, and then vanished into the sunshine as silently as he had come. The bright pictures faded with him, but I sat remembering some words I had heard long ago at a Toc H meeting. "Grant us," they said in the light of a newly-kindled Lamp. "Grant us the gifts of Galilee, the gifts of gaiety and freedom and simplicity to make our tired world young again."

Our world is very tired. Christmas and all that it stands for seems a mockery in this year of 1942. Darkness covers the earth and gross darkness the peoples. Yet it was to a very tired world that the gifts first came: smaller perhaps, but no less troubled and perplexed. As we look back across the years we see the Christmas story unfolding to the accompaniment of angels, lamp-lit stable and old-world shepherds, picturesque and remote from twentieth century realities. The medieval folk were wise when they pictured the Holy Family in the dress of their own time, and set the Flight into Egypt against the background of their own familiar countryside.

The gifts of Galilee came to a world very like ours. They came as quietly and miraculously as snowdrops spring from the frozen earth in winter. From the manner of their coming men learned then, as we must learn



With acknowledgments to the London Missionary Society

now, that there are no external influences necessary before they can gain happiness. Freedom and joy are at the heart of human life already, and once the darkness of fear vanishes in the light of faith they will flower in newness of life. The creative energy which manifested at Bethlehem is the same energy which pervades the universe and lies latent in every human soul. "This was the true Light," said Saint John, "which lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

It is no accident that we celebrate the coming of the true light in December. For centuries before the birth of Christ men celebrated by sacrifice and festival the mid-winter solstice. When the darkness seemed most triumphant, men defied its strength and rejoiced in the life-giving sun. So they affirmed their belief that even if the sun's rays were hidden by clouds its light and heat continued to sustain them.

In this time of supreme need it is vital that we affirm our belief in the Sun of Righteousness. "As there is no day without light," says a Serbian proverb, "so there is no real joy without Christmas." Now is the time for us to celebrate Christmas in a deeper and truer sense than ever before. Now is the time to proclaim the ancient message. "The people which sat in darkness saw great light: and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death light is sprung up." The forces of good are weak. Hatred and fear appear triumphant. But however great the power of evil in ourselves and in the world, we know that by the transforming power of God the forces of spiritual growth in human life can be unlocked and the gifts of Galilee flourish on the earth. BETTY CURTAYNE.

The Northern Region

FROM the Trent to the Tweed—such are the bounds of the Northern Region, which covers all the Northern Counties of England (with the exception of Yorkshire), North Wales and the whole of Ireland. This Region is indeed one of extremes, for it includes the industrial and mining areas of Lancashire, Durham and Northumberland; the Pottery District of North Staffs; and the agricultural and rural areas of Cheshire, Cumberland, Westmorland and North Wales—large towns, small villages, seaside, country and Blackpool (surely a place apart!). Despite all the differences of work and outlook, the work of L.W.H. goes on in all these places with enthusiasm undaunted by three years of war.

District meetings have become quite a feature of the Region, and they provide a splendid opportunity for members to get to know more of one another and to share their ideas more widely. Manchester District is working out a programme which is proving of great interest. The subject is "Women and Reconstruction," which covers a period of some months, each unit taking a certain aspect, e.g., "Women and Housing," "Women and Religion," "Women and Industry," etc., etc.

Despite war-time conditions, training week-ends have been arranged in two Districts. East Lincs. had a very happy time at the ancient Abbey of Whalley, and another will be held in November, in which members of the Fylde District are joining. The subject for discussion is to be "Youth—Our Opportunities." Tandle Hill District also spent a very hilarious week-end at a house on the moors in the Bronte country, where there was much discussion and also much walking and eating!

Many of the pre-war jobs are still continued, especially the private visiting, which is now more than ever needed and appreciated. Service club work is being done by many Units. Chester, a comparatively new Unit, is arranging monthly concerts for the Service men and women who use the Toc H House. A number of members are doing Youth work, and several are officers in the Girls' Training Corps. Manchester District is represented in the Women's Parliament,

and Liverpool on the Women's Organisations Committee connected with the Council of Social Service.

During the past year several Units have had to close down, but members are keeping in touch with the Movement and attending District meetings where possible. On the other hand, there are some new Units—two in the Tandle Hill District (offshoots from the main Rochdale Branch, which had grown to a colossal size); Chester and Weston Rhyn (near Oswestry), and Kirkby Lonsdale, in the Lakeland District. There are also possibilities of new starts in the Northern Area.

A most interesting new Unit has been started among the A.T.S. at Catterick Camp. This Unit is only two months old but is a very healthy baby and is being helped by Darlington Branch, who send members alternate weeks to give instruction on Toc H. As Catterick is such a large camp it is hoped that in time there will be more than one Unit there.

I must make mention of Ireland, which in these days is isolated owing to difficulties of travel. Unfortunately the Units in Eire have had to close, but members are keeping in touch through the General Branch Secretary. In Northern Ireland two Units alone hold the fort—Belfast and Lurgan—and they are doing much valuable work in Service Clubs and with the Red Cross.

The Region has had many set-backs and has still a long way to go. A few Units struggle valiantly against heavy odds, while others seem to be on the crest of a wave, but the great majority are just keeping on. Whilst, in these days of war, this is commendable and shows a spirit of tenacity, it must be our purpose for the days to come to open our minds to new horizons, new ideas, new friends and new opportunities for service, and to remember above all that we are pledged to WORK for God's Kingdom in the wills of men, and not to expect its coming without any effort on our part. The North has always been well known for its determination to carry a thing through, and so we must go forward with resolution, so that all that Toc H stands for may be shown in our way of life and in our relationships with others.

AUDREY PETHERBRIDGE.

News and Notes

PERTH SERVICE CLUB. Within a week of the opening of the first Toc H Women's Services Club in Perth, W. Australia, its popularity and usefulness were ensured. Her Majesty the Queen sent a cable of good wishes for the opening on July 1st, and has graciously given her consent to the Club being called "The Queen's House." L.W.H. members in and around Perth are staffing the Club and providing those good meals for which Australia is renowned. Joyce Kimpton writes that they took over with the house and its furniture, a black and white cat and a soldier's dog named "Bob" to lend an air of security. Good luck to The Queen's House and to those who sojourn there.

SERVICE CLUBS AT HOME. Three new Toc H Services Clubs for women will shortly be opened at Cardiff, Coventry and Leicester. We welcome as Warden for Leicester Mrs. Nellie Poore, formerly L.W.H. Pilot of Buenos Aires, who has recently come to England to help in the war effort.

AUNTS AND UNCLES. Members of Tunbridge Wells Branch have adopted young "nephews and nieces" from a nearby institution (which is run by a member of L.W.H.). Purley and Coulsdon members have played a similar rôle for some years, with mutual happiness and appreciation. Now that many hundreds of children are coming under State control, there must be many institutions and

war nurseries which would welcome new Aunts and Uncles, and the idea is commended to other Units.

THE WORLD CHAIN OF LIGHT. This year, most fittingly, the World Chain will start from Talbot House in Jerusalem. In the little Chapel of the Club the twenty-four-hour vigil will be kept by Toc H members and men of the Services, stationed in Jerusalem or spending their leave there.

This is the order in which members are asked to "stand to" their Lamps and Rushlights, at 9 p.m. by their own local time:

9 p.m., December 11: Palestine, Transjordan; Egypt, Sudan and the Mediterranean; Europe, the British Isles; South Africa, Rhodesia, Uganda; West Africa; South America, the West Indies; Canada; the United States.

9 p.m., December 12: New Zealand; Australia; China and Japan; Malaya and Burma; India and Ceylon; Iran, Iraq and Aden; East Africa.

Such subjects for recollection and prayer are suggested as—The Royal Navy and all sea defence forces; the Merchant Navy and all seafarers; the Armies and all land defence forces; the Air Force; all women in the Services; lone members, pioneers and travellers; prisoners of war, refugees and the sick and wounded; Russia; the youth of all nations; post-war reconstruction.

The vigil in the chapel at Jerusalem ends with Holy Communion, at 8 a.m., on December 12, with special recollection of the Elder Brethren.



Left to right: A. PETHERBRIDGE, M. THOMAS, H. BENBOW, P. WOLFE,
A. WELFORD, M. PHILLIPS, D. KING.



Warmest Christmas Wishes to You

from

The Members of Staff

READ

Not to contradict and refute,

Nor to believe and take for granted



... but to weigh and consider

HITHERTO it has been the custom in the LOG to review only one or two books, but in this issue *carte blanche* has been given to offer a wider selection with a short comment on each book, in the hope that many more reading tastes may be catered for.

Most of the books and pamphlets mentioned below are quite new, some even hot from the press; all have some bearing on present-day problems and events, and each in its way is an important contribution to thought and experience. It is hoped that some of them can be ear-marked as suitable Christmas presents, both for giving and receiving. In these coupon crisis days, books can solve many "present" problems!

The first shall fittingly be a children's book, a new issue by J. B. Morton of *WHO'S WHO IN THE ZOO*, with appealing illustrations by Cecil Aldin. It consists of unconventional lessons in natural history. For instance—

*I had a great-aunt Ermyntude
Who thought it singularly rude
To throw a visitor a meal
As keepers throw them to the seal.
Besides, the guest is very rare
Who'll catch a cullet in mid-air
Or intercept a piece of fish
Tossed by a butler from a dish. . .*

Among the more recent pamphlets is a series entitled *UNLESS WE PLAN NOW*, which will be invaluable to those who are trying to organise discussion groups. Each booklet is complete in itself, short, straightforward and easy to read, and at the end of some of them are questions for discussion. Mrs. E. M. Hubback, Principal of Morley College, London, has written the first one on "How to Lead Discussion Groups," which also contains a valuable and comprehensive list of books on contemporary affairs.

Another set of pamphlets is published by Dent at 6d. each—*DESIGN FOR BRITAIN*. There are about seventeen in all, and each one is written by a specialist in his or her particular field of planning. Amongst those

who have contributed to the series are Arthur Webb, on "Signposts of Building Society Finance"; C. E. M. Joad, on "An Old Countryside for New People"; Henning Belfrage, on "The People's Food," etc.

In selecting books, so much depends on the reader's taste; but for all those to whom B.E.L.R.A. means more than a name, I would strongly recommend *WHO WALK ALONE* by Perry Burgess, President of the American Leprosy Foundation. This is the story of a soldier who volunteered to fight in the Spanish-American War in the Philippines, and who some nine years after his return to civilian life in Missouri, developed leprosy. It tells of his journey back to the Philippine Leper Colony at Culion, of his life and work there for a quarter of a century—of despair and hope and love for his unfortunate co-colonists.

A quotation of Chesterton's, with which the book opens, seems to sum up the work there: "It is strange that men should see sublime inspiration in the ruins of an old church, and see none in the ruins of a man."

Admirers of "Bengal Lancer" will be glad to know that Major Yeats-Brown has written a new book called *INDIAN PAGEANT*. It is a picture of India's past and present, made to "live and move," presenting, with insight and simplicity, her people, her culture and her fortunes as they were and are. To those who know India but vaguely, this book should be a great help in understanding.

Books about Europe from many angles are always of interest, especially if several can be read in sequence, to get as broad a picture as possible. Amongst those recently published, which come to mind, are *EPITAPH FOR EUROPE* by Paul Tabori, *BEHIND THE BATTLE* by John de Courcy, and *LAST TRAIN FROM BERLIN* by Howard Smith.

Each of these books is outstanding. The first, written by a Hungarian who prefers to think of himself as "a good European," is a personal review of each country in turn, each

country's weakness and strength, culture and decline, despair and hope. A charmingly written book in most engaging style, which nevertheless does not conceal the author's deep sincerity and concern.

BEHIND THE BATTLE is a piecing together, by the author, of the diplomatic and political stratagems of Europe, during and immediately prior to the war. He writes: "We have the means at hand not only to win a complete victory but to guide mankind to happier times and more kindly ways. But there are realities to be faced; there are fictions to be banished. That is what I have tried to do."

LAST TRAIN FROM BERLIN is a most enlightening book, and is unique inasmuch as the author was literally the last American to leave Berlin, where he had lived and worked for the first two years of the war.

Another book in the European group which should be mentioned, is QUEST, by Leopold Infeld. This is the autobiography of a Polish Jew, living on the edge of the ghetto at Cracow, and of his determination to become a physicist against all odds—a remarkable book giving a very penetrating picture of Jewish life and law in the Ghetto.

My final choice is a book of such quality, that it would be difficult to do it justice even in a full-length review. In starring it, I would urge that above all others it is one to possess and to read and re-read, for to do so is a deep experience. This book is FLIGHT TO ARRAS by Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, a famous French flyer, and one of the greatest of living writers.

The book is much more than just the story

of a flight, although the framework is a single short sortie over German territory in the fateful days that preceded the certain fall of France, with the author flying at 33,000 feet, controls frozen, guns jammed, and where every breath is a life's work. Finally, a plunge down to low level to photograph German artillery round burning Arras—the refugees crowding the roads—chaos, despair, and agony of mind for the agony of body inflicted on the helpless. Out of this soul-searching comes profound understanding, dawning hope, exaltation and belief, and a promise—"and therefore I, leaning back against a wall in the silence of the village night . . . imposed upon myself these rules which I shall never betray. . . . Since I am one with the people of France, I shall never reject my people. . . . Whenever it is possible to take their defence I shall defend them. . . . Thus I shall not divorce myself from a defeat which will often humiliate me. . . . If I take on myself a share in my family's humiliation, I shall be able to influence my family. It is part of me, as I am of it. But if I reject its humiliation, my family must collapse, and I shall wander alone, filled with vainglory, but a shell as empty as a corpse. . . . The spiritual communion of men the world over did not operate in our favour. But had we stood for that communion of men, we should have saved the world and ourselves. In that task we failed. . . . I understand now for the first time the mystery of the religion whence was born the civilization I claim as my own: 'To bear the sins of man.' Each man bears the sins of all men."

G. M. B. WEBB.

WHO'S WHO IN THE ZOO. Verses by J. B. Morton, drawings by Cecil Aldin. *Eyre & Spottiswoode*. 6s.

UNLESS WE PLAN NOW. Handbooks for Discussion Groups. *English Universities Press*. 3d. each.

DESIGN FOR BRITAIN. Seventeen Booklets. *Dent*. 6d. each.

WHO WALK ALONE by Henry Burgess. *Dent*. 12s. 6d. (*Readers' Union* 3s.)

INDIAN PAGEANT by F. Yeats-Brown. *Eyre & Spottiswoode*. 6s. 8d.

EPITAPH FOR EUROPE by Paul Tabori. *Hodder & Stoughton*. 8s. 6d.

BEHIND THE BATTLE by John de Courcy. *Eyre & Spottiswoode*. 10s. 6d.

LAST TRAIN FROM BERLIN by Howard K. Smith. *The Cresset Press*. 10s. 6d.

QUEST: THE EVOLUTION OF A SCIENTIST by Leopold Infeld. *Gollancz* 12s. 6d. (*Readers' Union* 3s.)

FLIGHT TO ARRAS by Antoine de Saint-Exupéry. *Heinemann*. 7s. 6d.

Inspiration

for Christian Youth Leadership

By HUGH C. WARNER Vicar of Epsom

SUPPOSE that the average schoolboy were asked, "What was the longest war in history?" Is there any doubt of the answer, "Why, sir, the Hundred Years War"? He would be wrong. Since man emerged from his animal ancestry, and came to know what a "pricking conscience" means, there has been unceasing war, war between good in man and evil disguised in a hundred different forms.

For thousands of years the human race fought what came slowly to be realised as a losing battle. To reinforce the inadequacy of human spiritual equipment, religions were invented. Each religion tried to offer a way in which evil could be conquered. Most religions tried to provide a technique by which powerful forces outside man could be harnessed as reinforcement in the battle against fear, suffering, and the unknown hostile environment of human life. Every religion sprang from a sense of man's powerlessness. Some more successfully than others linked the worshipper with spiritual forces, but with no guarantee that these forces were on the side of good, rather than on the side of evil. Man could not win in his own power, and he could not be certain where to turn with confidence for rescue.

So in the reign of Tiberius Caesar God personally intervened. It happened on Christmas Day, B.C.3 in a village a few miles from Jerusalem, in the midst of a people which had been prepared for this astounding event for 2,000 years. Nothing remotely like this had ever taken place before. Men had sometimes dreamed of such Divine Intervention; no one had foreseen the way in which it actually happened. Instead of clouds of glory, a manger crib. Instead of a Prince in a royal household, an apprentice-joiner in a small hill village. So Jesus Christ, God in Man, came to His own world with new methods of battle. He proceeded to bring the power of complete goodness to bear upon the three commonest, and most frightening, disguises assumed by evil—suffering, sin and death.

Watch the battle in progress, both from the pages of almost contemporary records, and through the eyes of witnesses actually present at the time. Recall how in the pages of the writings of Tacitus, the secular Roman historian, there is a passing reference to this "Christus" disturbing the minds of the Emperor's subjects in the small Roman province of Syria.

Suffering first. In the three years of his recorded activities there is a steady stream of pain and illness brought to his notice. Palsy and paralysis, haemorrhage and insanity, deafness, blindness, dumbness, the halt and the maimed—all are healed. The presence in Him of "goodness" defeats the power of evil wherever there is faith, in patient or in friends.

And sin. A domestic servant girl asked Peter if he belonged to Christ. Peter lied. Jesus looked at him, as the cock crew, and Peter's heart broke. So Christ conquers sin.

A group of self-righteous men brought to him a woman caught in the act of adultery. The chief sin was, of course, the self-righteousness, not the adultery, but Christ dealt with both. To the self-righteous he commended a self-examination which brought shame. Shame is the first step in the conquest of sin. The men turned away self-convicted, leaving the woman alone with Christ. He turned to the woman, confronted her with the fact of her sin, and started her off in life again with new hope. So perfect goodness conquered sin. And conquers sin.

Death remained undefeated, the greatest single manifestation of the power of evil. A Roman military officer had a little girl of twelve. She died. When Jesus stood by her bedside His natural tenderness secured that she would feel no shock as she came back to life. He carefully chose words which she would have heard a hundred times from her mother, *Talitha cumi*, "Little girl—time to get up." And she arose. So with Lazarus, three days already in the tomb. Back to life and to friends again. So with the widow of Nain, following her only son's corpse to the

grave. He stopped the cortège. He spoke: and the dead man sat up, to be given back to his mother. Critics have tried to explain away these stories, because they hesitate to believe perfect goodness has such all-conquering powers. The proof is in what follows.

What if death confronted Christ, not in the person of another man, but in Himself? Would not that be the test above all others of Victorious Power? Friday night, all Saturday, part of early Sunday morning, Christ lay dead, a corpse, within a grave of granite. The world of the spirit surely held its breath as the titanic struggle reached its zenith. . . . Then Easter morning; the grave shattered, death conquered! Here was the final moment of demonstrated victory over all the powers of evil, so astounding that Christians have celebrated the Easter victory fifty-two times each year for nearly twenty centuries. There is not a Sunday on which we cannot sing with perfect aptness, "Jesus Christ is risen to-day, Alleluia!"

Victory in battle! "Good news," men called it, and in so doing surely invented the strangest litotes in all literature.

Men must know it. Men, all men, must be told. The "good news" (or gospel) was for all nations, since all nations are gripped by the threefold evil monster—suffering, sin and death. All nations, therefore, must hear it. So Christ commissioned a body of men and women, to whom He gave His last instructions, "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world! Go ye into all the world, and broadcast the astounding news." From twelve to five thousand, from five thousand to five hundred millions, so the body of commissioned men and women has grown.

In 1939, on the eve of the greatest-ever world-war (in the eyes of the Infinite God, a mere "pocket of resistance") there came together in Amsterdam a gathering of fifteen hundred young representatives of this huge world-wide fellowship of "broadcasters" (or evangelists) from seventy of these nations. This, the first World Youth Christian Conference of all history, is the most convincing proof that man (even if his average age, as here, was only twenty-five) when linked with Perfect Goodness incarnate in Christ, can succeed where Leagues of Nations in the past

have failed. Nowhere, except in the Christian Church, have race and language, nationality and economic differences been so harmonised in a purposeful community.

Now the word "Christian" has come to have two quite different meanings. As popularly used it is the equivalent of "a good fellow." In a harassed moment we say to a friend, "Be a Christian and do my shopping for me this morning, will you?"

We know the frequency with which a friend will come to us and, when religion is under discussion, claim "I'm as good a Christian as anyone else, though I don't . . ." and here follows some discipline of the Church for which he has no use. Ask such a friend in what respects his actions as a "Christian" differ from the unselfish behaviour of a Moslem, and he will be hard put to it to see where the difference lies. Both he and the Mohammedan agree (probably) about the excellence of the character of Jesus; both believe in one God. So after a little analysis, he discovers that to equate a "Christian" with "a good fellow" is no use at all.

The second, and correct, meaning of the word is, "One who believes that God 'came down' in Jesus Christ, did battle with the forces of evil, won the victory on the human level, provided Holy Communion and Prayer as the technique of human association with his all-conquering Power, and bids men go out in that Power as members of a corporate community to 'proclaim the astounding news,' and at whatever personal cost, clear up the pockets of resistance against His Sovereignty over society and self."

Here, in such a definition, you have something that can stand up to Nazism, secularism and atheistic communism. It is definite. It grips. Above all, experiment proves that it works at every point. Nineteen centuries of experience against every machination of man and devil leave her, the Christian Church to-day, expanding at a rate unknown in any previous century. Above all, it provides the only sufficient starting point for leadership, whether among youth, among the Forces, or in our towns and villages among the ordinary men and women who wish to be caught up in a Twentieth century Crusade.

Plea for Colour

With further Musings of William, composing room overseer

"YOU KNOW," said William conversationally. "there's nothing like a good drop of print." Thrusting aside a low temptation to ask his opinion of the merits of a good drop of beer and sustaining the obviously high moral tone of his mood, I encouraged him with a questioning look.

"Of course," he continued; "I'm in the game as it were and I might be prejudiced, but, be that as it may, take a look at this"—he held up a *Saturday Evening Post*—"I know lots of people who think this is the best paper printed anywhere. People who ordinarily don't notice print. And why?" he demanded. "Why?"

My gaze wandered round the composing room, my mind on Benjamin Franklin, that great figure of American life who, according to a legend on the cover, founded the *Saturday Evening Post*. Fortunately for me, William wanted to answer his own question.

"It's the colour. People love colour. Mark you, it's got to be properly done. Oh, it's got to be good all right, but I say we could do with a *Saturday Evening Post* in this country. Why, people buy it just to look at the advertisements. Think of that."

"The funny part of it all," he went on, "is that those self-same people rarely indulge themselves in a bit of colour. They just go on living their dull lives. You know the sort of thing—same train in the morning, same train at night. One day just like another. It's not living, it's monotony."

"Well, William, what do you suggest they do?"

"Do?" he ejaculated. "Do? There's plenty to do. It's mostly not being selfish. For instance, you help a pal, you guide a blind man across the road, you take the missus home a bunch of flowers. All those little things make colour. You see, we can't all do big things, but if all of us have our little bits of brightness they add up.")

"What's all this to do with print?" I asked.

"It was the colour that started me thinking," he confessed. "It does you good to have a think sometimes."

My mind often goes back to those days of peace when William, our composing room overseer, gave me the benefit of his moralising. A contemplative atmosphere occasionally descended on that composing room. After the rush and scurry of getting formes to Press there was peace in the "Comps"; the roar of printing presses afar off in the building was as a huge wave of sound sweeping by, which only served to emphasize our quietude.

William wanted more colour in life. These days of war present a monotone of drabness; our "white" paper is grey, daily thoughts of each and all of us hinge on the black-out; even our postage stamps are lacking in colour.

Nevertheless, this war has brought the colour of unselfish adventure into our lives. The desire to be of service to the community and to each other has been a bright light of Christian endeavour.

Colour is light—"Let there be light."

* * *

"I'll tell you what" said William, "when you use a second colour, don't splash it about too much. Look at this page, you've so much red on it that it looks like a missal."

"But you told me you wanted more colour," I protested.

He fixed me with a beady eye.

"Go on," he said, "be like the so-and-so rest of 'em. Don't you know that it's unnatural to have everything bright and rosy? Print a page in black with a touch of colour here and there, a high spot like, then you have it right."

"Like life," I commented.

"Yes," he conceded, "like life. You can't expect roses all the way and you're a fool if you do."

He put away a composing stick and a box of setting rules, untied the tape of his white apron, hung the latter up by his frame, put on his blue serge jacket and gave it a settling pull, reached for his bowler hat, that symbol of middle-class respectability, and looked around for his Gladstone bag.

"Come on," he said, "let's go home."

* * *

Mustn't be late this week. We shall be late enough Wayzgoose night. Will you be there? Good! It'll brighten you up."

"I trust I shan't see *you* 'coloured'," came my unctuous rejoinder.

"*You'll* make me see red!"

W. G. WEST.

A STORY OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—Apart from being a Printer, leader of American thought, Ambassador, etc., Franklin was also an inventor. When asked what was the use of his new Lightning Conductor, he demanded, "What is the use of a new-born babe?"

COMPOSING ROOM.—The department of a printing office where type matter is set up and prepared for Press.

COMPOSING FRAME.—A rack situate in the composing room at which the compositor works when setting up type. The body of the frame holds cases of type, while the top has two sloping banks; the upper at about 45° and the lower at 30°, each supports a case.

CASE.—A tray with varying sized compartments for holding the characters of a fount of type. The Upper Case holds mainly capitals; the

Lower Case mainly small letters. A Double Case is a simple combination of upper and lower cases.

COMPOSING STICK.—The implement held in the compositor's left hand in which he sets up type. ("The Procrustean Bed" was Eric Gill's description of the compositor's "stick," owing to the practice of equalising the length of lines by uneven spacing.)

FORMES.—Type matter, spacing material and plates locked up in a frame of steel or cast iron, called a chase, ready for printing.

SETTING RULES.—Measuring rules used in the composing stick to define the width or depth of setting.

WAYZGOOSE.—The name given to the printers' annual feast or outing. (The term is associated with stubble goose).

Education - for what?

IN an age whose greatest tragedy is that the mass of ordinary folk are living as "men without hope," the first thing that I look for in every message on every kind of topic is this vital ray of inspiration. I was bitterly disappointed when I read the account of Mrs. Bentwich's talk in the last number of the Log, for I could not find her conviction of creative hope.

Mrs. Bentwich seeks to give the answer to two questions: "What do we hope to educate the child for?" and "What should be the structure of his educational background?"

Miss Knight-Bruce, at the Archbishop of Canterbury's Albert Hall meeting, in what was surely one of the most farseeing speeches ever spoken by a woman, answers the first of these questions to perfection, when she states that education consists in starting to train an individual to be "a man among men in a world that makes sense." There is only one way to make sense of this world, and that is to acknowledge the Reality of God, and to work towards it into the perfect freedom of abundant life. All other ways lead to strife and frustration.

The structure of the educational background, if it is to aid the first ideal, depends,

not on the leaving age, not on the varying types of school that can be provided, nor on the adequacy of the school buildings, important as these may well be, but *on the character and personality of the teachers.*

If the New Age so frequently talked about is to produce a race of beings who are really worth while, then there must arise many more dedicated personalities who will give all they have and are to keep alive in the child the sense of true spirituality. If a child has been nurtured in this wider atmosphere, then he stands a good chance of emerging from this system of education as a real student of the art of living, with an awareness which should lead to untold possibilities.

The real fight in the post-war world will be to unite in a bond of understanding such schools with the existing homes, until the Ideal becomes Real, and—

"They shall be simple in their homes
And splendid in their public ways.
Filling the mansions of the state
With music and with hymns of praise.
New arts shall bloom, of loftier mould
And mightier music fill the skies."

H.M.K.



Winnie Adams
who manages the Lunch Club

"I TRUST," said Sir Nigel Loring to young Alleyne, when he took him as his squire, "I trust that you are lowly and serviceable?"

"Indeed," replied Alleyne, "I have always served."

In that the good youth had the advantage of some of us who wait on the patrons of the Lunch Club at Crutched Friars House. However, practice makes perfect in the gentle art, or at least we hope so, and if not quite up to the standard of the "Nippy," we come within bowing distance of the same. Certainly the servers get plenty of practice in these days.

When the Club was at "No. 7" we thought we worked; but since then we have gone from strength to strength, in more ways than one. Whereas it began as a "Ladies," there are now stacks of gentlemen. And what days we have lived through! Brilliant days when Royalty and Duchesses were entertained—wedding receptions and the like, with the house all filled with sunshine and flowers.

Then came the "blitz," when the house was dark and cold—no water, no gas or electricity. It all looked finished. However, our dauntless Manageress lived above all these evils, and a sumptuous meal of cold meat, pickles and cheese, washed down with glasses of cold milk, was served by the two very shivering helpers, in a darkened room with no windows, to about twenty very grateful lunchers. Steamed puddings became as if

No custard for the 1.30

The truth about the Crutched Friars House Lunch Club (but not explaining how the Shopping Basket is coaxed up the steps).

by J. Sugg

The Day's Work

they had never been, and cups of tea, if they materialized, were called "Life-savers." The first cooked dish marked a red letter day, and Halley's Comet was a washout compared with the first feeble jet of gas which we achieved for hot coffee!

Gradually we went back to our usual menu, and to many more clients. Helpers had been reduced to L.C.M., but we were nobly supported by a luncher who gave us as much time as possible every day and in every way, and whose willing service rose to concert pitch in the matter of moving things round to suit the seating of Conferences, when we might have as many as 100 or 150 for lunch and supper, on Saturday and Sunday. Also a lady moved into an office upstairs, and self-sacrificingly combined her lunch-time with taking cash, and washing up when she could spare a little time. Once, when there seemed no chance of getting more help, a small person descended from Heaven and asked if we "wanted any help?"!! She has helped ever since, and after that wonderful day several others were found, and so the Club "marches on."

Judging by the plates as we clear, and the satisfied remarks, the cooking is greatly appreciated. Indeed, it is quite difficult to gather a few scraps for the little cat next door (suspected of being Jeremy's lawful wife) with two thriving kittens. Any fragment of roll or little bit of pudding is thankfully received by our horse friends who draw up outside. "Mr. Nobby," of Carter Paterson, is our oldest. He has the eye of a hawk and greatly appreciates our cuisine.

The Club certainly becomes more like a Social as it goes on, and the same people who were strangers before now sit together and converse in the most friendly way, and get to know all each other's troubles and pleasures.

I am afraid we get our own ways of describing the company to each other in the pantry. One gentleman is always called

"Garibaldi." Why? Well, I suppose because he does not "feature" that patriot, who seems to have worn a lot of hair, whereas this gentleman is bald. One really charming man was always alluded to as a corpse or a train—"the late gentleman," or "the 1.30." We always reserved his lunch for him.

Indeed, we do try to humour our customers. One very valued client never takes custard or gravy, a fact which is often overlooked below-stairs. This necessitates calling down to rectify the matter, but all comes right in the end.

There is much humour to be found in the kitchen staff (a splendid team), especially when "Copey" takes a hand on the lift, and one orders a dish which, like the Bailiff's Daughter, "is dead long ago." A VOICE rises from the depths: "There ain't no Rice—I 'oller'd up that there weren't none!" The said 'oller needs to be heard to be believed; it is unique.

Then there is "Lady Harknett" who is the champion potato-peeler of the Club, and

whose Secret Weapon is a special little knife, the mislaying of which means a complete hold-up of everything until it is found. She has been known to electrify her colleagues by a sudden rendering of "Underneath the Arches" in a tone that would have made Madame Clara Butt into a light soprano.

There is also Maggie, who usually "does" the lift, and enlivens the clearing up of the kitchen with a really Shakespearean wit, and has the party "in stitches"; Alice, who waits on the people from the "Port" (Port of London Authority), a very nice person who used to be upstairs with us, until for the greater comfort of everyone the "Port" went to lunch downstairs; and finally Lilian, a jolly good cook with a charming voice, often heard calling "Jeremy." One supposes she is 'a great favourite with him, as he has a graceful way of presenting her with the corpse of his latest rat.

Such is the Lunch Club, under the guidance of Winnie Adams, whose super-human efforts make it what it is, and to which all readers are heartily welcome.

May We Come In?

FOR some time past I have watched with interest our growing expenditure of energy on the formation and running of Service Clubs, and hoped by this expression of Fellowship and Service that we were forging new links and preparing ourselves for the changes which must come upon us when Service Clubs are no longer necessary, and can no longer absorb our time and energy.

The other day I had occasion to find accommodation for a young L.W.H. member coming to London for the first time. I knew that New June was no longer in existence, and that Crutched Friars House had room for four residents only, and that all the rooms there were occupied.

In these days of directed labour, it is a matter of genuine concern that, in a city where L.W.H. flourishes and abounds, and

has its headquarters, no provision is made for its own members working there. Why should we not plan a Community House, where L.W.H. members can meet, and live if they wish, from which Headquarters can operate, and where members coming from the country to work in London can always be sure of a welcome and a sense of belonging? Could we not, in any case, have some club, run possibly by L.W.H. in London, for the many young girls (whether L.W.H. members or not) directed into industry, who find themselves in this city for the first time, and who have nowhere in particular to spend their small amount of off-duty time?

If our missionary spirit is really alive, then let us extend our Fellowship and Service to include our own membership.

E.N.T.



We regret to record the death of Ruthie Bellman, an old and loyal member of Poplar Branch

Now is the Acceptable Time . . .

A FEW YEARS ago, at a meeting of a Youth Parliament, I heard a Communist say that the Christian leaders were very good at analysing the situation and finding out the causes of our ills, but having done that they stopped. Their analysis was good, but their constructive suggestions were nil. I think this was a just criticism, but the time has come when the analyst has outlived his usefulness, and now is the time for something in the way of constructive thinking and building to be put into operation.

The conclusions of the analysts seem to point to the fact that the reason why we are in such a chaotic state is that this is God's world in which we live, and only when it is organised according to God's principles, that is, in accordance with natural laws, will it recover from its sickness. For some time past man has been in the ascendancy and has thought that he could of himself save himself and save the world. This is now proved to be an outworn theory, for we see where man has led us. What, then, is the Christian to do in order to bring about a different state of affairs, which must mean a revolution in political thinking, in economic practice, in industrial organisation, in educational systems, and in civil administration.

There are many pitfalls awaiting the Christian who tries to follow out the implications of his faith. C. S. Lewis in his *SCREW-TAPE LETTERS* shows this only too clearly, where the Senior Devil instructs the Junior Tempter that in order to win his "patient" for his father, the Arch-fiend, a good plan is to interest the would-be Christian in "*Christianity and . . .*" because, says the Senior Devil, he will become so interested in the "and" that he will forget all about Christianity. One of the famous City churches often has a course of sermons on this "*Christianity and . . .*" theme. Our aim should not be to talk about "*Christianity and politics*" or "*Christianity and economics*," which suggests a cleavage between the two, but "*Christian politics*" and "*Christian economics*" and the like, which suggests integration, and we should be prepared boldly to state what we mean by these terms.

Christianity is all-embracing. It takes in every part of life. But we are prone to try

to divide our lives into compartments, and put Christianity in a separate compartment by itself, as far away as possible from the rest of the compartments which make up our everyday life. But a Church (and we have to remember that the Church is made up of you and me as much as it is made up of clergy) and a faith which claims that it has something to say on all aspects of life, principles to state and a lead to give, must *understand* those aspects of life over which it claims control; and that means all life. Is it too much, then, to ask that Christians should make it their job to understand those sciences which govern our life? Many people are frightened when they hear the words "politics" or "economics" or "social philosophy" and so on, and as long as they remain frightened and make no attempt to understand what these things are, so long shall we live in this hell on earth rather than in the Kingdom of God on earth.

The criticism levelled at the Church is that it is the Church's job to make Christians and not to dabble in things which it doesn't understand. It *is* the Church's job to make Christians: no one denies it, and this the Church is doing all the time through worship and evangelism. To a world which is chaotic it says, "This is God's world, and until you return to organise the world according to natural laws, which are eternal laws, you will continue to be chaotic." It then goes further and says "This is what is wrong, and this is where it should be put right." But in saying this it has not failed to continue to make Christians, and if these Christians are on fire with their faith, they will be inspired to make their Christianity a vital and living thing; to create a Christian public opinion which will say these wrongs shall be put right, and say it with understanding. Then you have a Church on crusade, fighting evil with all its strength. But whether it has the army it needs depends on you and me. We shall not be conscripted for this campaign: only loving voluntary service is acceptable in this crusade.

We often hear of the dark side of the Church's record in the past, and if we are wise we will admit such a record exists; but, nevertheless, there is another side to it. Who

was first in the field to care for the sick? Who made the first move in educating the people? A great churchman, Abelard, was the father of the Universities, and the Church was the first in the field with elementary education. Churchmen have been responsible for a great deal of such social reform as has taken place within the last hundred years. Perhaps it is not such a dark record as we at first thought.

No doubt there was a great deal of opposition when the Church began to teach the children who were employed by the early industrialists at such tender years. There will be opposition now from certain quarters to any suggested reforms in the various spheres of life where they are so sorely

needed.

The Church has always been in the forefront of social changes, though we tend to forget it, and it naturally follows that now, when far-reaching changes are needed if civilization is to be saved, the Church once more enters the field.

In a class the pace is set by the slowest scholar. Are we going to be that "slowest scholar?", that drag on the Church in its forward march to make the Kingdoms of this world the Kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ? The Church is ready for the crusade, is entering upon it. Are we in the ranks? for now is the acceptable time! Now is the day of salvation!

M.R.

The Year in Felling

THE war-time employment, coming after years of industrial depression, has improved to some extent the financial position of Felling, but has not transformed bad housing and the unsatisfactory social environment which exists there. Many families have been able to return to a more natural and dignified form of living because of regular employment, but there are others who, through one cause or another, seem to be perpetually in need of help. York House, therefore, continues to be of importance in the life of Felling.

The work of York House includes the Women's Club and classes; a Girls' Club; personal welfare work; and a Citizens' Advice Bureau. The House is also being used as Headquarters for the Felling Committee of Social Service, and is prepared, as an Information Centre, to deal with problems which follow air-raids, such as Rest-Centre work and Searcher Service work. In addition the House has been of service in connection with flag-days for such charitable organisations as the Nursing Association, St. John Ambulance Association, and others. Accommodation is also afforded there for Workers' Educational Association lecture courses.

The Women's Club has continued to meet during the summer months, and the winter programme, with its classes on renovations, cooking, and so on, has just been started up.

The Girls' Club activities have included ambulance cadet classes for nursing, net-ball, swimming, camping and social events. This club has now increased in size and meets for its bigger activities in Prospect House, which is a Community Centre belonging to the Felling Council of Social Service.

PERSONAL WELFARE AND CITIZENS' ADVICE BUREAU. In this branch of work there is contact both with those whose fortunes have not changed, and with those who have suffered as a result of the war.

During the past four months some three hundred callers have passed through this department, and the work is assuming considerable proportions in connection with visits to homes and correspondence with appropriate sources of help, such as hospitals, dentists, traders and so on.

The Citizens' Advice Bureau has just been transferred to more central premises in a shopping street of the town, and this has reduced the congestion in York House itself. The C.A.B. is still, of course, connected with the Committee for York House and the Personal Welfare Department, and many of its enquiries will naturally be passed on to the Personal Welfare Workers.

York House is becoming more and more identified with social work in Felling, and its value as a headquarters is increasing.

These Little Things

I AM one of the fortunate few, who have home and family intact and whose daily routine of cooking, washing-up, bedmaking, cleaning and mending has not been interfered with by the war. We few, whose children's lives are almost normal, have a responsibility towards the community, especially to those who have suffered upheavals of every kind.

However, it isn't the large upheavals that hurt one's neighbours most, but the small injustices of everyday life. Take, for example, the woman who does my washing. She has no revolutionary ideas and no desire to change places with me, as one might expect, but she envies me one small thing — the privacy of my garden! She lives in a modern council house; she digs her plot and plants it, as well as caring for her four children and working all day in other people's houses. But on her return at night her garden presents a sorry appearance. It will have been visited by at least four dogs, as well as by the neighbours' children, whose mothers are also at work all day.

Surely here is room for a far-sighted local council member to suggest that the original outlay on suitable fencing for council house gardens would be amply repaid by good

citizenship?

Another "little thing" is growing rapidly into a major problem—the increasing amount of bureaucracy in our everyday lives. Post Offices, Employment Exchanges, Food Offices, swarm with ordinary people struggling with official forms. Many of the questions seem intended to mislead one into giving the wrong answer! There are not enough kindly parish priests, district nurses or welfare workers to cope with the problems facing an old man or woman filling in a form. Since forms have come to stay, and the Income Tax Return visits a multitude it never knew before, there is an almost insatiable, though largely unconscious demand for the "personal" touch. In a society that is becoming inevitably more highly organised, that is planning a "new era" in housing and social amenities for the community, there is needed urgently the personal contribution of L.W.H. members. Our interest in local government, coupled with a real desire to minister to our neighbours' needs (not the needs we think they ought to have) can leaven the lump of bureaucracy and bring about a happy reconstruction of the post-war world.

G.V.P.

By any other name . .

THE IDEA of a closer relationship between Toc H and its League of Women Helpers has been much in our minds lately, and a special committee has been set up to go into the question and make a report to the respective Central Executives.

A closer co-operation has in fact already grown up in our common work for the Services, and, partly as an outcome of this, it is felt that we should have a name which would give a clearer impression that we are a *part* of the Toc H Movement and not, as our present name suggests, a subsidiary body.

Various alternatives to the "League of Women Helpers" have been considered—for instance, "Toc H (Women's Section)," but none of them seemed ideal, and it has now been decided to see whether the membership as a whole have any better suggestions to offer. If they have, will they please write to the General Secretary, at Crutched Friars House, London, E.C.3.

This request is appearing also in the *Journal*, so that Toc H can take their part in helping us.

THE LOG
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